

Folkearth, Hoplites Awaiting Command

Come wind, come snow, come blazing heat and bitter rain
From Macedonia we march, from the northlands of Hellas
To the mouths of Euphrates for to set His throne...we are the thunderbolts of Amon Zeus, the sons
Sworn to revenge--the Persians' scourge...you were crowned on the mountain
In Olympian thunder and Promethean fireAlexander your hoplites are waiting
To take the oath of revengewhen the star of Pella shall shine in the night
And all other stars will stop burning bright
Guiding our sarissae to the fight
We shall neither fear nor surrender
Til the end of the battleAlexander your armies are waiting
Sound the charge and lead them to glory
Alexander your legions hail thee!